THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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THE ANACONDA.

THE

NARRATIVE OF EVERARD BROOKE.

(Continued.)

THE satisfaction with which I thus endeavoured to re-assure the agonized heart of Louisa, was thoroughly established in my own. But Zadi, whose own feelings were too much agitated by his master's situation, to permit his attending to those of others, hastened with too little consideration to destroy the hope, which I so fondly indulged, and with which I strove to soothe the afflicted wife.

"Oh! no, no, no!" he exclaimed; "we must not reckon upon the snake's leaving us so soon! When the Anaconda has once chosen a groupe of trees for her abode, and is seen to sport among their branches, in the manner in which we saw her amusing herself, she will remain there for whole days and weeks, watching patiently for her prey, till every chance of success fails her, and absolute famine compels her to emigrate. But her capacity of existing without food, is almost inconceiveable, and till she removes of her own free will, no human power is able to drive her from her retreat."

"Almighty powers!" stammered out the trembling Louisa; "then he is lost indeed! Even should those slight barriers be sufficient to protect him from the monster's fury, he must still at last fall a prey to the assaults of hunger."

My frowning looks easily made the old man aware of his imprudence, which he had just committed: but the mischief was irreparable. Every thing which his imagination could suggest to soften the effect produced by his ill-judged confession, was unable to blunt the arrow, which had carried with it into the heart of his mistress, the poison of despair.

"But after all," said I, "why are we to take it for granted that our friend is actually exposed to this urgent danger? By your own account, Zadi, above an hour had elapsed between your leaving your master in the pavilion, and your discovery of the Anaconda; and what then can be more likely than that the day being so delightful, he should have gone out to walk, and

have quitted the pavilion before the snake's arrival.

"Angel of comfort!" exclaimed Louisa, while she seized my hands, and prest it to her lips; "blessed, ever blessed be you for that suggestion!—Why should it not be as you suppose?—Why should not his absence have rescued him?"

"Ah! dear heaven!" sighed the old man, and shook his head—"the doors closed, the windows all fastened...."

"Prove nothing," I interrupted him;—"when did Seafield ever leave his favourite retreat, without taking those precautions?—Perhaps, at this very moment that we are trembling for his safety, he is at the distance of miles from the place of danger! Perhaps, nothing is more requisite for his full security, than that we should take the precaution of warning him in time, lest he should return to the dangerous pavilion, instead of coming straight to the house. Come, come, Zadi, let us hasten to find him! Summons together all the male domestics, as well as our palanquin-bearers; let us divide them into small parties, and send them into every path, by which it is possible for Seafield to regain the hill."

"Yes, hasten! hasten!" cried Louisa, "the thought, that you may come too late, pierces me to the very soul: Yet on his having already quitted the pavilion, hangs my whole, my only hope!—Hasten, friends! oh! hasten to find him!"

Her eagerness would not suffer us to remain a moment. We consigned her to the care of her female attendantt. We then collected the male inhabitants of the house together with all speed, and having armed them in the best manner that time would permit, we approached in different quarters as near the fatal hill, as the protecting shelter of trees and branches would allow us, without running the risk of being discovered by the Anaconda. Zadi remained with me.

On our way, I endeavoured to compose my thoughts, and to make myself master of every particular, respecting the danger, to which the friend of my heart was exposed. My own alarm, and Louisa's presence, had hitherto prevented my obtaining a thorough knowledge of the nature of Seafield's situation, and what he had to apprehend: But now that I was alone with him, I lost no time before I questioned Zadi.

"You see, old man," said I, "how your fatal outcry, 'An Anaconda,' has palsied every soul through excess of terror. Now your imprudence will have been most unpardonable, should it turn out, that you spoke without being quite certain of the fact, or if you should have been found through

your own natural timidity, to have exaggerated the danger. Recollect yourself, therefore, and then answer me calmly and frankly—"Are you positive, that what you saw was really an Anaconda; and in the dreadful account which you have just given of her, have you not, in some degree, overstepped the limits of truth?"

"Sir," answered the good old man, "though it were the last word which I have to utter in this world, I should still repeat my former assertions. Why, the very name of this creature is enough to make every native of this island feel the blood freeze in his veins! and that I have not deceived myself, is, alas! but too certain. I have already seen the Anaconda twice, at no greater distance than now; though never one of such a monstrous length and thickness, as that which is at present before us. This country would speedily become a wilderness, if fortunately these reptiles were not very rarely met with; for in general they remain concealed within the recesses of the deepest woods—there clinging round the branches of some gigantic tree, they remain waiting with inexhaustible patience for an opportunity of darting down upon their prey, the first man or animal, that is unlucky enough to pass beneath them. How it happens, that this snake should have advanced so far into the open country, is what I can least comprehend: But as the rainy season is but just over, it is most probable, that she has been swept away by the irresistible violence of some of the mountain-torrents."

During this conversation, we had continued to advance under favour of the thick-woven underwood, till we were scarcely more than one hundred paces distant from the monster. We could now examine it with the most perfect distinctness, and the eye was able to take in at once the whole extent of its gigantic structure. It was a sight calculated to excite in equal degrees our horror and our admiration: it united the most singular and brilliant beauty with every thing that could impress the beholder with apprehension; and though while gazing upon it I felt that every limb shuddered involuntarily, I was still compelled to own, that never had I witnessed an exhibition more fascinating or more gratifying to the eye.

The Anaconda was still employed in twisting itself in a thousand coils among the palm-branches, with such restless activity, with rapidity so inconceivable, that it was frequently impossible for the sight to follow her movements. At one moment, she fastened herself by the end of her tail to the very summit of the loftiest tree, and stretched out at her whole length, swung backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock, so that her head almost seemed to graze the earth beneath her: then in an another, before the

eye was aware of her intention, she totally disappeared among the lofty canopies. Now she slides down the stem, winding herself round and round it ; and now again only the extremity of her tail remained twisted round the root, while she stretched out her body upon the grass, and with elevated head, and high arching neck, described a large or small circle, as her capricious pleasure prompted.

These latter movements gave us an opportunity to discriminate with more exactness, (during a few seconds at a time), the singular richness and beauty of her tints. The long slender body was covered with a net-work of glittering scales, girdling it round with rings above rings, and effectually securing it against every attack. The head was of a yellowish green, and marked in the middle of the skull with a large dark spot, from whence small stripes of pale yellow were drawn down to the jaws. A broad circle of the same colour went round the throat like a necklace, on either side of which were two olive-coloured patches, in shape resembling shields. Along the back ran a chain of black waves, with sharp pointed edges, from whence on both sides, narrow flesh-coloured rings and broad bands of the brightest yellow, (alternately, and in the most regular order) descended in zigzag fashion towards the silver-white stomach, where they lost themselves imperceptibly; but what served more than all to dazzle the eye with the brilliance of variegated colouring, were innumerable spots of a rich and vivid reddish-purple, sprinkled without order over the whole surface of the upper-skin : for with the animal's slightest movement all these points and spots, and contrasts of variegated hues, meked together in the sun beams, and formed one universal blaze, composed of all the colours of the rainbow.

Much as I admired the splendor of its garment, not less did I wonder at the enormous thickness of this terrific creature, which did not yield in bulk to that of a man of moderate size. Yet by comparing its thickness with its length, Zadi was decidedly of opinion, that the Anaconda must have been greatly reduced by a fast of unusually long duration. But the tranquillity of our observations was suddenly disturbed by perceiving that she desisted abruptly from her airy gambols, and remained motionless at the foot of the palm-tree, with her head elevated and turned towards the pavilion, as if in the act of listening !

At that moment, oh ! God ! with what violence did my heart beat against my bosom !—If (as from every circumstance appeared but too probable) my friend was really shut up within the pavilion, it was beyond a doubt, that the monster had discovered his being so near her, and was now on the point of making a serious attack ! We

could see distinctly the shape of her hideous head, and the flames of her great piercing eye-balls, reflected from the glass windows, whose shutters had been closed from within—But the sight of her own terrors seemed to scare even the snake herself, for she instantly recoiled; and then laying herself down close to the threshold of the circular pavilion, she encompassed it entirely, as if she was determined to secure her destined victim irrevocably, by enclosing him within the impassable limits of her magic ring!

Deeply penetrated with the sense of that danger by which my friend was menaced, I forgot my own, and seizing my gun, placed it to my shoulder. The ball whistled through the air: I was an excellent marksman, and was certain, that I had pointed my piece exactly at the monster's head; and yet—whether too great anxiety made my hand shake, or that the animal at that very moment made some slight change in her attitude, I know not. But it is at least certain, that not the slightest shrinking gave me reason to believe, that she felt herself at all injured. In the mean while, Zadi had seized my arm, and drawn me forcibly into a deeper part of the thicket.

"Ah! Mr. Everard!" sighed he; I was well aware, that the Anaconda can set all our fire arms at defiance. Her scaly hide renders her invulnerable, except when one is close to her; and all that you have done, is to put your own safety in danger, without advancing a single step nearer to my master's relief."

However, it did not appear that our enemy had paid much attention to my assault upon her. On the contrary, she only busied herself in renewing her attempts to gain an entrance through the pavilion's windows; till at length seemingly wearied with her unavailing efforts, she retired slowly, and concealed herself under the verdant umbrella of the palm-trees. We also had regained our former lurking place; though we were now more irresolute than ever, as to the means most proper to be adopted towards the rescue of my friend.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF THE LATE PASWAN OGLU, PACHA OF WIDDEN.

(Concluded.)

SO great was the decline of this once formidable empire, that it depended only on the will of a Pacha of Widdin to erect a new fabric on the ruins of the dreaded throne of the race of Osman. All the Janissaries were ready to take up arms in his cause; and in the capital itself, he had a numerous

and powerful body of partisans. Paswan Oglu, however, declared that he aspired not to dominion, that he desired justice only for himself, his followers, and the whole nation.

Paswan Oglu was universally regarded as one of the greatest lovers of justice in Turkey. This general reputation he acquired by his impartiality not only to Mussulmen, but also to persons of every other religion. In the decision of all disputes he paid no respect to persons, and it made no difference to him whether the parties were Turks, Jews, Greeks, or Armenians. His judgments were just, but frequently severe.

The following anecdote may serve to illustrate these observations :—Soliman Aga, a Turk of distinction at Widdin, chanced to see a beautiful young Jewess, the only comfort of a poor sick mother, whom she attended in her old age. His appetite was inflamed. Born under the burning sky of Mosul, he strove in vain to subdue it: desire was soon matured into passion, and he swore by his beard to enjoy the Jewess, should it even cost him his life.

The girl, however, had promised her hand to another, and the marriage was to be solemnized in a few days. How then was it possible to contrive, in so short a time, a favourable opportunity for executing his purpose ?—Love sharpens the invention; and if it be merely sensual, it renders those whose bosoms it occupies cruelly inventive. The unsuspecting bridegroom was easily enticed to the other side of the Danube, where he was soon dispatched by the knife of an assassin.

Soliman had now nothing to apprehend from this rival. His spies lurked about the poor woman's hut; it could not but be difficult to find a favourable moment for the execution of his design. One evening the mother went out to visit a friend, and the daughter was left at home by herself; the Turkish lover was not long before he received information of the circumstance, and in a few moments he was in the arms of the Jewess. In vain did she resist his impetuous attacks, in vain did she threaten him with all the torments of hell; her glowing words only tended still more powerfully to inflame the passion of the furious lover. With vigourous arm the Mussulman seized the helpless maiden; her strength forsook her; she sunk senseless upon the couch; and in this state she was subservient to the gratification of the lust of the ardent Asiatic.

The Jewess had recognized the Turk, and called him by name. This justly excited in his mind the apprehension of new danger. It was certain that the matter would be laid before the Pacha, and it was well known that the latter was not accustomed to protect Mussul

men who were guilty of crimes. Soliman foresaw that one must die, if the other was to live. He had no difficulty in the choice. The violated Jewess was stabbed without the least noise, and the Mussulman hastened away from the theatre of his happiness, and his future misery.

The mother, on her return, found her daughter swimming in her blood. What a scene of the most poignant anguish !—The girl was in the agonies of death. At the sight of her mother she summoned up the small remains of life, and had strength sufficient to name her ravisher and murderer. A few minutes afterwards she expired.

The very next day the mother appeared before the throne of the Pacha, imploring justice and vengeance against the man who had dishonoured and murdered her daughter.—"You shall have both!" cried Paswan Oglu ; and in a grave tone commanded that the culprit should be immediately brought into his presence. Soliman was conducted before him by an escort of Janissaries. It was not difficult to convict him of the crime. Witnesses came forward, and accused him also of the assassination of the bridegroom.

In vain did he urge, in extenuation of his guilt, his irresistible passion for the girl, and the impossibility of gratifying it in any other way.—"What would become of the mighty empire of the Ottomans," replied the Pacha, in a solemn tone, "if every Mussulman were at liberty to exercise such atrocities upon its subjects ; of what services would be the divine law of the great Prophet, to whom be glory for ever and ever, if each individual might commit crimes, which are so diametrically opposite to his commandments ?—Cursed be the hand that could perpetrate such nefarious deeds!"

Then quickly drawing his glistening sabre, he cut off, in the twinkling of an eye, the right hand of the guilty Turk. He did the same with the left. "Take this vile transgressor of the law," said he, with a terrific voice, "and cast him into the waves of the Danube. Let his punishment serve as a warning to others !"

The situation of the Pacha could not fail to render him suspicious, for he had always just reason to fear that he was surrounded by the spies of the Porte, and by secret enemies. This is a sufficient excuse for his mistrust of those who did not deserve it. Being once very sick, a Christian physician offered his services, and appeared before him with a medicine which he asserted would restore him to perfect health. Paswan Oglu smiled, looked at the medicine, which filled a large glass, and ordered the physician to swallow it in his presence. Notwithstanding all his remonstrances, the latter

was obliged to obey the injunction of the Pacha, and to drink off the medicine to the no little danger of his own health. To reward his compliance, the Pacha presented him with a sum of money, and a Turkish pelisse.

The person from which these particulars of the celebrated Turkish chieftain are derived, was likewise a physician, a native of Saxony, and resided for some time at Widdin. The occasion of his leaving that place, affords an instance of the singularity of the Pacha's character. In his seraglio he had a Polish female, to whom he was strongly attached, and who had probably been stolen and brought to him by the Tartars of Bessarabia. She became pregnant. It is well known with what difficulty women, especially of weakly constitutions, bring their progeny into the world in the north of Europe, and how severe a trial child-birth often proves for the Polish and Russian females. The slaves of the Pacha's Polish favorite did not conceal their apprehensions, and announced a very difficult labour. It was resolved to send for a Christian Physician; and the German, to whom we have alluded, was accordingly called in.

The lady had already been a whole day in the most dreadful pains; her situation was truly pitiable. The Pacha shuddered at the thought of losing his favourite. The slaves were convinced that their mistress could not have less than three children. At length the physician arrived, and was conducted to the apartment of the patient, who was lying upon a divan, and had just recovered from a fainting fit. Her face was covered with a thin veil, no part of her whole body was to be seen, not even her hands. It was not without the greatest reluctance that the Pacha permitted the physician at his repeated request, to feel the patient's pulse. It indicated extreme weakness. Paswan Oglu promised a great reward, if he could produce a medicine which would relieve the lady from her distressing condition.

In vain the stranger protested that he knew of nothing that could relieve her, unless he were permitted to see and touch certain parts of the patient's body. The Pacha deigned not to return him any answer. But when he had at length the boldness to declare, that he could give no assistance till he had examined the position of the child, the jealous Pacha could no longer restrain his indignation, and he swore a tremendous oath, that the Frank should answer for her safety with his life.

Under these circumstances, what was to be done? Nothing but stratagem could rescue the anxious physician from impending death. He appeared to be, for some time, absorbed in meditation; then, turning to the Pacha,

he observed with a serene countenance, that he had bethought himself of a remedy which afforded a confident hope of saving the lady, and that it consisted of a preparation from a certain herb, that grew a few miles on the other side of the Danube.

"You may rely on a great reward, if you can give relief," said Pasvan Oglu; "but lose no time, make haste, and the angel of the Lord attend thee!" The physician went home, as much overjoyed as if he had escaped the most imminent death. No sooner had he arrived, than he packed up all his valuables and money, concealed the parcel under his cloak, mounted a swift horse, and was ferried across the Danube. From Wallachia he proceeded to Silistria, and thence, by way of Varna, to Constantinople.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

OF BATHING.

THE pleasing mythology of the Greeks, concealed under agreeable emblems, all the truths presented by the sciences, morals, and philosophy. A brilliant colouring imparted charms to the driest precepts. The imagination of that celebrated people put every thing in action, and knew how to invest the most austere sciences with the veil of attractive allegory. Physicians have long affirmed that the use of the bath is favourable to beauty; the Greeks have represented the goddess of love rising from the bosom of the deep. Is not this ingenious fiction designed to signify that water is the element which creates beauty, and that in its vivifying waves the most seductive charms are produced and improved?

It is very true, that of all received practices, none has a more decided influence upon health, as well as beauty, than the frequent use of the bath. It has been remarked that the nations among whom it was the most common, were particularly distinguished for physical perfection, and the most constant flow of health.

The use of the bath was general among the Greeks and Romans, and to this salutary habit Baglivi ascribes the longevity and the vigour of most of the people of antiquity.

When we compare the way of living of the Romans with our own, we find how much nearer theirs approached to nature, and how much more favourable it was to health. The afternoon with them was entirely devoted to corporeal exercises, to tennis or ball, to dancing or walking. But at the hour of three, every one hastened to the bath; neither could a person neglect this practice without incurring the risk of being taxed

with shameful negligence. There persons of all ranks met, there the poets recited their compositions, and laid the foundation of their fame.

Though all physicians are agreed respecting the utility of the bath, they are far from being unanimous as to the manner of taking it. Some have extolled hot baths, and others have been as loud in praise of cold ones. Antonius Musa, physician to Augustus, discovered such extraordinary virtues in cold baths, that he regarded them as an universal specific. Accordingly he prescribed the cold bath to all his patients,be their disorder what it might. By a lucky accident he cured the Emperor himself. Accident has often produced astonishing effects; but in medicine, in particular, it often works miracles, for which unfortunately people do not acknowledge themselves under any obligation to it. Accident, in this instance, established the fame of Antonius Musa, who gathered, without any merit or trouble, the fruits of the efforts of nature alone. This physician was venerated like a god; a magnificent statue was erected to him, and the Emperor conferred on him the extraordinary honour of wearing a gold ring. Some time afterwards, the young Marcellus fell sick; Musa prescribed the cold bath, and Marcellus fell a victim to the ignorance or obstinacy of Musa, who sunk from the highest pinnacle of reputation into the utmost contempt, and was obliged to remove to some other place, to bury his disgrace and his system.

The opinion of our physicians, concerning the effect and properties of baths has varied as much as upon many other subjects. Every century has had its system.

The debilitating and relaxing action of hot baths, and the bracing and strengthening effect of cold ones, were long maintained. Marcard appeared, and produced a great revolution in this theory. He proved that hot baths, so far from debilitating, tend, on the contrary, to brace the system, when the temperature of the water is not higher than that of the body; and his opinion is admitted by most modern physicians. This system, indeed, is not a new one, for the greatest physicians of antiquity held the same opinion relative to hot baths, that we entertain at the present day. The hot baths were dedicated to Hercules, the god of strength, and the Romans made daily use of them.

(To be continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

"My home is hateful to me," I exclaimed, as I applied my hand to the door of my apartment; and why? was the natural question: an instinctive and inward monitor, answered, for my friends, my much

valued friends, no longer dwell beneath this roof. I essayed to enter, but my feelings forbid the movement. I hastily brushed from my eye (I will not call it an unmanly tear) for it was the tear of genuine sensibility, gave a passing glance at the place, where oft their forms had lingered, pressed both hands to my throbbing temples, cried memory, *cruel* memory, closed the door, and rushed from the house. After wandering a distance from the city, my mind became calm and tranquil: it was indeed painful to look back upon the past, but it was instructive; and in my silent, lonely walk, heaven-born contemplation soothed every turbulent passion into peace. For, alas! thought I, where in this nether world, is happiness to be found? Do we seek for it in the highest grades of life? the search proves futile; for many are the barriers that preclude the great from its enjoyments. The Statesman, with every imaginary prospect before him, extends his arms to embrace the phantom; his daily labors, nay, his midnight hours are employed to court her smiles; yet faction mars his hopes; he grows grey in the pursuit; and finally retires, sullen and cynical, without obtaining his object; and more than probable sunk from a competency into poverty and contempt. The juvenile merchant, wastes his hours in speculations upon loss and gain, feels his heart elate when the canvass of his ships is spread before every gale; for *the moment*, he thinks himself the *happiest* of mortals; but when, upon his well-wrought schemes, the stormy deep, and his country's enemies, act with violence, and combine to annihilate his floating possessions, misanthropical he quits the scene with a belief, that happiness is but a name. The haughty soldier, cased in the habiliments of his profession, looks ardently forward to conquest and bloodshed, forsooth, *in pursuit of happiness!* his wish is gratified, contending powers join to contest their rights; he nobly withstands the conflict, fights and conquers! But see him upon the peace establishment, and he'll tell you, his valor went unrewarded, or his merits were overlooked.—Follow him further, and you will find him travelling through his evening of life, not only an *invalid*, but a prey to sorrow and discontent. If we fall from those places in exalted situations, to those walking in an humble sphere of life, we shall perceive but a trifling change; for it is an indubitable fact, that the natural restlessness of mankind is such, as entirely to exclude the enjoyment of what we understand by the word happiness. Happiness! *there is no such thing*, and for the verity of my asseveration, I appeal to every person who peruses this essay, and if there be *one*, who can with candor assert complete possession of this inestimable gift, I will bow submissive before the tribunal of their judgment, and say, I myself have been deceived. I would not be

derstood as insinuating, that happiness is not enjoyed in a degree by some more than others ; no, there is a source of relative happiness, unknown to all except the *Christian*, and (startle not reader) he looks for it only in the *grave*. Amid the storms and tempests of this desultory life, the good and virtuous man calmly anticipates the subsequent, when all the cares and troubles that have agitated his mortal breast, shall cease, and though he does not enjoy what he sought for in this life, he contemplates, with real satisfaction, the moment when his fragile form shall assume that of immortality ; and with a conscious hope that upon descending to the tomb of his forefathers, he shall again ascend to realms where sorrow shall ce se to be, and pain no longer exist, and where rejoicing, without a'loy, he shall meet those friends and relatives, whose loss he hath long mourned. Such is the happiness we enjoy from the contemplation of a future life ; every other pleasure is a name, an empty shadow, it flies like the autumnal blast, and "the place it visits is known no more." Then, vain man ! boast no more of sublunary happiness, seek that which is *immortal*, and endeavour so to live, that you may hereafter obtain from the Almighty searcher of hearts, *a crown, the brightness of which, will never tarnish, or its lustre ever fade.*

O. W.

Kip's Bay, May 1, 1809.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

An able calculator estimates the number of persons belonging to the city of London, who spend the Sunday in the adjacent villages, inns, tea houses, &c. at two hundred thousand. These he calculates will spend half a crown a-piece, amounting in the whole to twenty five thousand pounds. This sum he thinks cannot be thought exaggerated, when it is considered that he has taken the numbers so low as 200,000 : and the sum spent by each at half a crown, twenty five thousand pounds; multiplyed by the number of Sundays in a year, give as the annual consumption of that day of rest, the immense sum of one million three hundred thousand pounds ; of these 200,000 persons, he calculates their returning situations as follow :

Sober,	50,000.
In high glee,	90,000.
Drunkish,	30,000.
Staggering tipsey,	10,000.
Muzzy,	15,000.
Dead drunk,	5,000.
Total,	200,000.

In the above calculation it may be tho't the number is exaggerated, but the sum is perhaps under the truth. Much, however, will depend on weather.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance

into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger: but by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments.

Man knows more than youth, having more facts in his memory, but he has not more aptitude to learn, more force of attention, nor more capacity of reasoning. It is at the commencement of youth, at the age of desires and passions, that our ideas shoot out and flourish with the greatest vigour. It is in youth that those thoughts are planted, which often afterwards make men conspicuous.

MAXIMS ON TIME.

Time is like a creditor, who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

Time is like a verb, that can only be used in the present tense.

Time well employed gives that health and vigour to the soul, which rest and retirement afford to the body.

Time never sits heavily on us, but when it is badly employed.

Time is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails, to make a suitable requital.

Specimen of Modern Oratory.

As a mighty river swelled by mountain torrents, over-running its banks, tramples under foot every intervening obstacle, and fired by opposition, gathers new wings from every impediment; so oratory, applied to our passions, fascinates our faculties, captivates our capacities, and impels our judgment.

Cool, logical, deductions may persuade the philosopher, who weighs each sentence in the microscopic eye of reason, and analyses each idea by the dispassionate square of ratiocination; but to charm the listening senate, and to lead that many-headed monster, the multitude, requires the musical flowers of a Burke, or the high-colored and dazzling thunder of a Chatham.

A clownish gentleman, who had courted a young lady, and agreed upon the marriage, espied a pretty mare grazing, which he would have into the bargain. The father being unwilling to part with the mare, the match was broke off. A twelve-month after, the wooer met the lady at a fair, and would fain have renewed his old acquaintance; but she pretended ignorance at first, and said, she did not know him! No said he, do you not know me? Why I was once suitor to you. "I cry your mercy, Sir, said she, now I remember you, you

came a wooing to my father's mare, and she is not married yet."

ANECDOTE

Of the celebrated Mr. Burke.

Mr. Burke was, in his juvenile days, extremely fond of private acting. A few of his companions proposed that he should play Richard the III. and having given him the part at very short notice, he rose by times one morning, and walked down a lane adjoining his father's house, so intent on studying his part, that he did not perceive a filthy ditch before him, and had just uttered, with heroic dignity, "*thus far we have got into the bowels of the land,*" when he found himself up to the middle in mire.

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One Sunday evening, a young gentleman was taken into custody, at Eaton, for playing at cards, for which he was flogged: who, while the master was in the act of flagellation, gave several kicks and struggles—on which the master said, "Go on, Sir, you *shuffle*, and I'll *Cut*."

MARRIED,

On Tuesday last, at Flushing, by the rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. David Hadden, of Leeds, England, to Miss Ann Aspinwall.

On the 11th inst. by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. Anthony Woodward, to Miss Susannah Shourt, all of this city.

On Monday evening, by the rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Grove Wright, to Miss Harriet Ludlow, only daughter of Daniel Ludlow, Esq.

On the 6th inst. by the rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. John Finlay, of Canada, to Miss Ann Beekman, of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 10th inst. by the rev. Mr. Halloway W. Hunt, Mr. William Johnson, merchant, of this city, to Miss Susan Bray, of Lebanon, N. J.

At Fairfield, Conn. on Monday the 8th inst. by the rev. Dr. Hezekiah Ripley, Mr. Thomas Andrews, merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary Banks, only daughter of Talcot Banks, Esq. of the above place.

DIED,

At Savannah, Mr. John D. Dickinson, formerly of the house of Belcher and Dickinson of Savannah.

At the Cantonment, Columbian Springs, near Fort Adams, Captain Francis Johnston, of the United S. army.

On the 6th inst. at his seat on the banks of the Potomac in Hampshire county, Virginia, Col. Moses Rawlings, formerly of this state, a well known distinguished patriot and veteran of the revolutionary army.

At New London, Captain George House, commander of the revenue cutter Argus.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 39 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

MR. EDITOR,

The Passaic falls (at Patterson N. J.) are deservedly ranked among the first natural curiosities in the United States. The surrounding scenery is certainly very picturesque and beautiful, displaying at once the most awful and sublime grandeur, decorated by nature in the gayest luxuriance. Among "the million" who annually visit this romantic spot from different parts of the continent we recognize the features of genius To Maj. Godwin we are indebted for the preservation of some of those elegant effusions which are the effect of the moment, produced by a contemplation of the highest wrought scenes in nature. A register kept by him, designated 'The Passaic Album,' is the channel thro' which those beautiful little fugitive pieces meet the public eye. By giving the following a place in your Miscellany, you will oblige yours, &c.

B. K

From Godwin's Passaic Album.

TO THE PASSAIC.

THY crested wave, romantic stream,
Long, long, had roll'd unknown to fame;
Nor wrapt the soul in musing dream,
Nor wak'd the Poet's notes of flame.

Thy raging flood which downward pours,
Then heaves to heaven, a cloud of foam,
The giant cliffs that pile thy shores,
Where mountain echoes love to roam.

Long spread their beauties to the wild,
Unseen by aught but Indian eye;
Nor commerce beam'd, nor plenty smil'd,
But echo swell'd the war-whoop cry!

But Commerce now distends the sail,
And plenty heaves her flowing horn;
While notes of gladness woo the gale
And brighter tints bedeck the morn.

Fair beam'd the morning 'in the east,'
There did the sun of science rise;
It now illumes the rosy west,
And long shall love its cloudless skies.

The lute now swells the rising gale,
While echoes wild the notes prolong,
And rock, and wood, and winding dale,
Sighs to the lover's plaintive song.

Entranc'd in thought, the poet views
Thy scenes 'midst clouds of vapour hurl'd;
Which span with more than heavenly hues,*
The empire of its war'ry world.

Tho' throbs my heart with plaintive woe,
It long shall love thy roaring tide,
Which make it beat with fiercer glow,
And swell with more than mortal pride.

J. M' V. Jr.

* Alluding to the beautiful rainbows which are seen here from morning till night, throwing their glowing arches over the chasm down which the river is hurled with tremendous violence, shaking the solid columns of rocks to their base.

Communicated.

AN EPITAPH.

IF e'er sharp sorrow from thine eyes did flow—
If e'er thy bosom felt another's woe—
If e'er fair beauty's charms thy heart did prove—
If e'er the offspring of thy virtuous love
Bloom'd to thy wish, or to thy soul was dear,
This plaintive marble asks thee for a tear!
For here, alas! too early snatch'd away,
All that was lovely, Death has made his prey!
No more her cheeks with crimson roses vie—
No more the diamond sparkles in her eye!
Her breath no more its balmy sweets can boast,
Alas! that breath with all its sweets is lost!
Pale now those lips, where blushing rubies hung,
And mute the charming music of her tongue!
Ye virgins fair, your fading charms survey,
She was whate'er your tender hearts can say;
To her sweet memory, for ever dear,
Let the green turf receive the trickling tear!
To this sad place your earliest garlands bring,
And deck her grave with firstlings of the Spring.
Let opening roses, drooping lillies tell,
Like these she bloomed, and, ah! like these she fell.
In circling wreaths, let the pale ivy grow,
And distant yews a sable shade bestow:
Round her, ye graces, constant vigils keep,
And guard, (fair innocence) her sacred sleep,
Till that bright morn shall wake the beauteous clay,
To bloom and sparkle in Eternal day!

VERSES,

On seeing the Statue of Apollo fall, during the late conflagration of Drury-Lane Theatre.

NEAR Drury's celebrated Lane,
Was rear'd APOLLO's mighty fane,
High o'er the roofs below:
The MUSES chose it for their seat;
Blythe CUPID made it his retreat,
And PLUTUS join'd the Co.

Happy they dwelt at first awhile,
Bid Talent, Joy, and Genius smile,
Rewarded for their toils—
But Justice soon forsook the place,
And Favouritism, too long, alas!
Revell'd in ill-got spoils.

The MUSES to Parnassus flew,
And PLUTUS from the *House* withdrew,
Mute was APOLLO's lyre—
VULCAN, in wrath, assail the walls,
And PHOEBUS, *poor* and *friendless*, falls
Before the GOD of FIRE.

Lon. paper.

.....

EPIGRAM.

Chloris will solitude admire;
A wondrous lover of the dark;
Each night puts out her chamber fire,
But just keeps in a *single spark!*
Till four she keeps herself alive,
Warm'd by her piety, no doubt,
Then, tir'd with kneeling, just at at five
She sighs—and lets that *spark go out!*

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